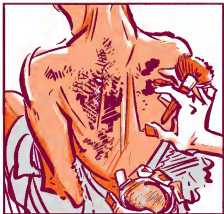
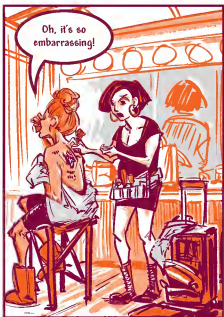


How on earth
did *this* happen?



Oh, it's so
embarrassing!



I have this standing rack in
my closet, for all my belts and
scarves, you know?



Anyway, a couple days ago
I was trying to get one of the
belts that I don't wear as often
off a higher shelf...





...and I tried to climb up,
like a *DUMBASS*...





...and I pulled the whole
thing down on top of me.









I'm lucky I don't have a
headache.

concussion or something,
honestly.





Girl, you're lucky you
didn't break your neck!

I know, I know!

Well, it doesn't look like
there's much swelling, so I
think I can cover this up.

I swear, I have never
seen anybody as clumsy as you.
You need adult supervision.





Someone say my name?

Coffee, ladies.

Thank you, sweetie.





They're looking to start filming in about an hour. That work for you, Robin?



Fine, fine.



How's the director?
I haven't seen him yet.

Yeaah, I have.
You're not gonna
like him at all.

Great.

The set turned out well, though. And the stuff they've shot so far looks good.



If you can keep from karate chopping this dude's head off his shoulders, the video will probably be pretty decent.

probably be pretty dope.

Carrie—

Did you tell the insurance
adjustment people they could have
fifty tickets to the launch party?

No.



'S what I thought. I'll take care of it. Looking good!



Check it out, the internet wants to marry you.



@OfficialCarinaP

Getting my face on for filming. You guys are going to LOVE this video <3



345

27 ❤️ 1445



@AliLawBOO

ugh why are you so gorgeous



@mcmac1997

mom



@seventhsealion

please use your platform to spread the
word about chemtrails:
youtu.be/sn7657hb



@carinabella

New music???? WHEN????????????



@MK24___

Can't wait for this album! :) :) :) I've had
Prized Possessions on repeat all week! :) :)

Prized Possessions on Repeat all week! :)
:) ~Marie



Robin, my face
looks awesome!

Always, baby.
And now your back
does, too. Get yourself
over to wardrobe.



Power Ballad

CHAPTER SIX

Remember, this song isn't
just about being lonely—

it's about how loneliness can
make familiar spaces seem alien
and unsettling, because our
context has shifted.

Unmoored by solitude, we drift
like ghosts through our own lives,
all comfort out of reach.





That line in the chorus,
"There's no room to move in here, I have
no place to be," is about how loneliness
can fill the spaces around us,

can make us feel *stifled* and
crowded, even when we're all alone
in an empty room.

That's the mindset I'm looking
for in your performance today.

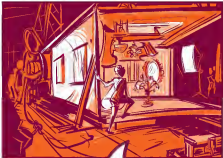
Understand? Should I
explain it again?





Point being?

...You know I wrote the song, right?



Alright, we'll get a few takes of you walking across the ceiling while the sunlight pans through the window.





Lighting SET! Mark!
Carina, remember —
look lonely!





Too much
wind, Greg!



We're indoors—I
need SAD WIND, not
a fucking hurricane.
AGAIN!



Carina, I said
LONELY, not vacant!







Lonelier!



But lonely in
a sexy way!

She's gonna dropkick
this fool in a minute.



Still sexy, but

more lonely!

Come on, Carina!
Get your head in
the game!

You are a ghost
haunting your own
apartment!



Your sadness fills you like
believe, you're close to the surface

a good time for a quick break.



Everybody back in
five minutes? *Cool, cool.*

I don't appreciate being
mocked. I have a *vision*.



And it's a great vision! Carina really respects your ideas for this shoot a lot, that's why she chose you to direct it.

How about you go over it with me now? I'll see if I can help communicate it to Carina a little more... succinctly.



This guy.

For real.
Water?

No, I just— oh
my god. I can't
stop laughing.

Just think
sad thoughts.





Right.
I'm a ghost.
I'm a ghost.

...haunting an
apartment built
with bricks of your
own sorrow.





You are *not* helping, I'm telling Javier.

What, I'm just trying to help you visualize!



You're a sad balloon
full of the helium of emotional
torment, bobbing drearily against
the ceiling of regret—

HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA

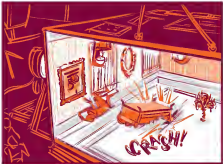
Shool I need to look
miserable. I can't do that with
you standing right there.

Alright, alright.









What the fuck
just happened!?

Holy shit!

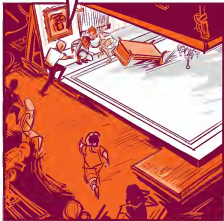


Meera! Meera,
are you okay?



...yeah?

Meera, are
you alright?



The fuck did you
build this set with,
Elmer's glue!? Someone
could have been killed!

Perfect! That's the
level of emotional
intensity I want.





...And then Javier dragged her away for another break while they reinforced the set—otherwise I think she'd have clawed the guy's face off right there.

I can't believe you were almost crushed by a falling couch. What a completely Looney Tunes way to die.





Right??





That definitely calls for another mojito.

Carrie was so dashing, though. I felt extremely damsel-like.

I'll be honest—I didn't think I'd be this into that sort of thing.



Oh hey—not to change
the subject from waxing poetic
about your boss...

But you *did* make me
promise to change the subject
any time you started waxing poetic
about your boss, so—

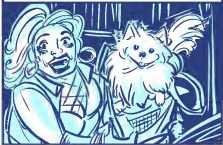
—*speaking of rescued damsels*,
look at this adorable dog.





@SCNLA LIVE

Local Pomeranian Recovered Unharmmed
From Attempted Purse Snatching: "The
Skeleton saved my precious Angelina!"
bit.ly/sdhs646h



Man.

LA just keeps
getting weirder.

